



ON SETBACKS

**And Other Inspirational Fragments
of a Cheerful Philosophy for the
Business Man or Business Woman**

by

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PREFACE

A Guide-Post on the Broad Highway

THE spirit of man is nomadic. It is ever in search of Truth, Beauty and Knowledge. It is constantly reaching out for the Ideal. Its demands cannot be ignored; and the only real satisfaction in life, the only deep-rooted enjoyment, comes from the attempt to understand and answer the requirements of the spirit-impulse.

The man who disregards this fact is misinterpreting himself, and the reasons for his very being. He is not using his every right to power—he is putting a minus sign in front of himself; he is here in the world, yet not all here, in influence and comprehension.

There is probably no more universal feeling than the desire among men of to-day for a substantial creed, belief-system, code of morals and thought, that can be consistent with present day conditions and understanding and yet satisfy the age-long, deep-seated "religious sentiment."

To have a religion simply means to "believe in something" outside the pale of everyday commonplace matters, and yet related to them; a

thought-system to determine physical action, a workable creed to apply to the great business of living.

Yet for anyone to form a universal code of laws that would be applicable to everyone alike for the observance of spiritual and mundane matters is manifestly impossible. It has been tried. Time, climate, circumstances—these things qualify men, variegate character. Every tick of the clock, every degree of latitude and longitude, register a difference of opinion and differentiate human needs.

The trouble probably with most religious formulas is that they localize themselves too much; not in their propagation perhaps, but in their "make-up." They are not easily adapted to different temperaments, not malleable enough to apply to different occasions. They are usually set and stubborn. You have to accept all or reject all they have to offer. Yet Truth is universal—there is no monopoly of it. It is like a great river flowing through all the Universe, in which all kinds and colors of men may bathe. You cannot stake out a certain portion of it, and say "This is the Truth."

Furthermore, Truth is so essential, so much sought after, that we need to have it unrestricted, unbegrudged. A broad mental highway to it is much needed, a straight and easily traveled one.

There is no reason why there should not be such a road. There have been plenty of winding paths to Truth in the years past—and there are yet. But the modern tendency is towards elimination of waste time and waste energy.

The probabilities are that all these winding ways lead towards the Truth—this is the kindly view. But some are too long, others too devious, too crowded, or too lonesome; still others are too difficult, or too alluring to be safe. This little presentation, unostentatious, is merely a guide-post on the broad highway. It outlines principles that are plausible and practicable. It does not aim at an interpretation of somebody's else belief, or somebody's else book. It does not go back a thousand years or so for its authority or look forward to a millennium. It merely puts in words, perhaps, the thoughts that you are now thinking, or have thought; it expresses a few fundamental ideas of self-government and self-power gleaned from meditation, experience, study, and contact with numerous peoples and races the world over, but mostly the tribe of American business men. It aims to visualize the vital points of co-relation between thought-life and life-action.

All men think: some with advantage to themselves only; others with advantage to their fellows as well as themselves; and a number with-

out any benefit to anybody, themselves included. Perhaps if this little book will enable us to broaden our personalities and better our abilities so that we shall never be condemned as belonging to the first class: that of the retired mental egotists; and that we may be delivered from even becoming candidates for the third class: that of the mental wanderers and dissipators; but that we may ever be counted worthy exponents of the tenets of the second group, holding and advocating that Truth and Wisdom are the common property of a seeking humanity, no matter to whom the revelation may have come, then it will have served its purpose.

For to this end the very nature of Truth is such that the possession of it enforces expression. And the burden of the propagation is upon you and every other man.

True philosophy can only spring up clean and refreshing from a true soul.

Living up to one's present faith is the essential principle of moral progress.

Championing one's present revelation is the best earnest to further intellectual development.

You have as much, or more right to your own belief as to someone's else.

ON SETBACKS

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Let your real self show through all exterior coverings; and let your own personality give color and even form to your environment.

Let every noble thought in you have expression—put each high resolve to the test of actual experience.

Let the life in you—vivacity, appreciation, enthusiasm, affection and spiritual impulses—bubble over in natural and frank manner.

Thus only can you be yourself, and this only is worth while.

No man is truly great who is not possessed of a great mission. It may be that he may not realize it, that it be an unconscious driving force within him; indeed, the best work a man does is often done unconsciously, by the unhindered working of the real self.

To believe "hearsay" is much easier than to seek the Truth for oneself; but it isn't as satisfactory.

A man's character is the measure of his soul.

Our characters are our own, and no one outside of ourselves can help us build them. But suggestions are in order.

A man cannot persistently admire worthy qualities and not eventually partake of them.

To give people something to think about that is worth thinking about, is something worth living for.

On Setbacks

BROTHER, supposing you *have* been deceived, wronged, buncoed, flaunted; supposing your earnest plans have gone all awry; supposing your "cherished ambitions" have flickered and gone out for lack of soul-fuel or the thing that glitters.

Or granting that the bottom has dropped suddenly out of your private exchequer, or that your business stronghold has been invaded, or that your love has been ravished—or destroyed—or petrified.

Or agreeing that some reality quite inexplicably and dramatically turns out to be a dream.

Well—what then?

Were you not—are you not—the better for it after all?

Certainly you were—and are.

For you know, if you have thought about it at all, that out of your experience has come your strength, your foresight, your discovery of yourself.

Life is not to be lived for plans, or ambitions, or achievements, or love.

The person who thinks it is, has simply got to find out, sometime or other, that it isn't.

The meaning of life is in the development of

the individual, and the betterment of the race thereby.

Personality and character are back of the whole procedure.

The laws of Nature are all for progress—growth.

If you don't improve yourself, propel yourself forward—morally, intellectually, steadily—why then, some force in the Universe, some law of equity, some emanation from the God-power is going to do it for you. It may knock you over—it may brush you aside and out of the road if you seem either stubborn, or hopeless, or too complacent to its driving justice and demand; but it will let you know of its presence and its reality.

So you see that often a "setback" is nothing more nor less than a push from behind by the propelling power of progress in Nature and the God-element.

And there is no such thing as adversity. There is instead a diversity of ways in which our lives are given the proper impetus to success and ultimate development—re-adjustment, then perfection, being the aim of all the natural laws: and spiritual laws and God-impulses as well.

The water that stays in the pool, or trickles slowly over smooth, earthy courses, is usually muddy, stagnant, vile—the breeding place of a thousand pests: unfit, unclean.

The water that runs over the rocks, whipped into foam, divided, whirled about, often shot backwards by eddies, and thrown remorselessly over sharp ledges to dash on broken stones, becomes clear, becomes sweet, becomes aerated with the oxygen of Life—generates power—is power.

The personal character that meets with “setbacks”—that the economic forces and the driving powers of the Universe, together with the urges of the spirit-sense, whip into line—gains in purity and strength, in ability and usefulness.

Personality

TAKE time and make occasions to inquire into the purposes of life; think on sound and basic principles. Emancipate yourself from all that is unreal, dogmatic, hysterical. Be natural—be yourself. Do not blight your soul with words or vows you cannot live up to. Realize that all men are needful of but one thing—kindness; and that what the world needs most to effect its salvation is simple sincerity in motives and action. To bring these things about, you need to know, not believe.

Repudiate that sort of faith which asks you to believe what you know to be false.

We stand alone; we develop ourselves—though we are responsible to our fellowmen for the sort of lives we live.

Nothing is ever given to us—we create.

Others cannot create good in us—God himself will not.

Through Nature and men we get our lessons; this is the true revelation. The truth is in us. It is not controlled or dispensed exclusively by any organization or institution. Such ideas develop dependence and selfishness.

Truth lives on independence; and it is universal, because it is the most personal thing in the world.

Therefore prize your personality, and remember to keep it sacred.

Power and Personality

PERSONALITY is the magnetism that is projected from a dynamic character.

It is as much a force as any tangible manifestation of Nature. And like all Nature's forces, it feeds upon itself, grows and develops according to some inherent, unthinkable rule of continual re-creation.

It is one of the most diversified of powers—manifested in countless manners.

You literally *feel* personality. It envelops you and causes you to partake of its nature. Everyone recognizes this when in the presence of a "man with personality," as we commonly say. What we mean is that we are electrified by the element of divine power when in contact with some man or woman so properly developed as to constitute a direct conductor of the force.

Sometimes personality is gentle, persuasive; sometimes it is steadily insistent, driving with an urge that suggests unlimited reserve strength; at other times it is magnificently tumultuous, openly combatant, all-compelling.

With these various manifestations the so-called "temperament" of men and women has a great

deal to do. A smoothly flowing river becomes a dashing torrent when forced between two walls of rock. But it is the same river.

All of us by a little cultivation may increase our fitness to radiate personality—the universal and divine personality of the Godhead, which is the most striking attribute of the developing individual.

With it we can work real wonders—wonders of success, of influence on other people, of achievements lasting in the annals of human memory. For the remarkable thing is that personality, while working through us upon other folk, changes and broadens and deepens our own natures.

You often hear people say of a man—"What a personality he has! It thrills me to be near him."

Don't envy that man. He has nothing you cannot have—nothing you cannot develop. Every man and woman has within himself—herself—the latent possibility to become the transmitter of the great forces of universal wisdom and creative power.

This is what personality is—divinity individually expressed and radiated. Its cultivation is unrestricted—its potentialities illimitable.

Use yours all you can.

Knowing what you want is half the getting.

Determination and persistence are invincible conquerors.

Almost everything gives way to application.

Meditation

MEDITATION is a very essential exercise and intimately connected with all mental and spiritual growth. It is too often neglected or entirely disregarded by business men.

A little meditation is a wonderful tonic. Things assume their right proportions when in the quiet-hour of thought we turn our attention to the most vital considerations of our existence. It is rather remarkable how troubles vanish, and hard problems solve themselves unexpectedly, when the power of thought-analysis is directed on them.

The "inner life" of a man is an actual reality. Yet few men comparatively realize it until by the practice of meditation they become acquainted with it.

No matter how easily deceived we are in the midst of the hurry of life, we cannot deceive ourselves when we are left alone.

Usually, after a period of meditation, even the worst criminal sees himself as he really is, and the only thing that separates him from his more righteous fellows at such a time is the wrong use which he makes of his will—he is master of that

as we all are—and he turns from his introspection when it becomes inconvenient, and soon forgets the brief realization of his unnatural state in the planning or execution of some new vicious deed.

Another man, on the contrary, when face to face with his imperfections—his faults and weaknesses—wills himself into communion with the Good-Element—God—in the Universe, and is strengthened and encouraged by the association, however brief.

Those who do not meditate on this once in a while do not realize it. The truth appears to us through our spiritual natures—our mental perceptions—and it is only by withdrawing ourselves from contact with the more superficial and deadening influences of the world about us for awhile that we can be in a state of peace where the true revelations can come to us.

Meditation and confidence go hand in hand.

But meditation does not consist altogether in this inward searching of ourselves; and indeed, it does not mean a continual examining and criticising of one's mind and motives. We ought to be able to understand our purposes, and be able to account for our thoughts and actions, but there is no necessity of our "dissecting ourselves like a piece of mechanism," as Pastor Wagner was fond of saying. Rather than the taking of the machinery of our minds to pieces, to continue

the figure a little further, the object of our inward glancing should be the oiling and adjusting of all the delicate parts, that our lives may run smoothly and quietly.

There is a book which is full of profit to the reader—and too sparsely read—a little volume called the “Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.” This man, though burdened with the cares of the whole Roman Empire, yet found time to think quietly upon the great problems of Life, which after all are quite simple—for it is only the Infinite which puzzles us. He adopted a plan of withdrawing into his own mind, there to seek quiet and calm, and the thoughts which he has given to the world are gems of purity, beauty, and wisdom. They were probably never intended for publication—he entered them in a sort of diary which he kept. But such ideas as his were are never lost; some way they are handed down to the generations of people who come after, and who are too unwilling to think them out for themselves, or who do not know that they are the simple result of a little meditation.

Aurelius called his meditations “Discourses with Himself,” and they have a wide scope. So may our meditations reach out and cover many subjects. But always, if we let God move in us and through us when in this quiet state, we are unconsciously lifted out of the mire of our doubts, our fears, our ignorance and our wrong-

doing into the pure atmosphere of the truth, and we can catch a glimpse of the supreme beauty of the Infinite that will brighten our daily living and nerve us on to better things.

To love to walk by some little tinkling brook in the spring or summer time, whose music rises up to the clear blue sky and mingles with the song of the birds and the murmur of the breeze, and there think of the things worth while in life, realizing that the all-sufficient lifting power of the ideal is working through you; and at night to be out and alone with the stars, to look up and let your soul take its flight among the worlds, the circling universes, out into the great Infinite: this is meditation; nay, more—it is aspiration.

Christ, in the forty days which he spent in the wilderness; Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius—all the great teachers, religious and ethical, have given themselves up to periods of meditation, prolonged and deep. But while we do not seem able to do this, or cannot through the stress of modern conditions, yet we should allow ourselves this soul-freedom and mind-searching a little while each day. No person can have great thoughts who does not meditate on the true and great things of life and the possibilities of the future.

How many people who would ponder and meditate and arrange words and phrases for hours previous to an audience with some royal

personage, or president, do not spend five minutes before coming into the actual presence of some piece of good fortune, before the throbbing message of some great and worthy book, or before entering the sacred realm of Nature!

Meditation can be a talk with God.

Nature

AN enthusiasm and love for Nature cheers and inspires. Moreover, one receives "measure for measure" from her—a full measure, running over.

Whoso is in harmony with Nature hears her myriad tongues telling him of her love in return. One must be much with her to realize the deep unity of loveliness, strength and purpose underlying her many moods. How she cheers with her sunshine and chides with her clouds! How she stirs and inspires with her mountains, and soothes the tired soul with her valleys and hills. How she sings of hope and contentment in the swing of the branches of trees, and the bending and swaying of flowers in the gentlest summer breeze.

Then how she sternly pronounces her judgments in the voice of the storm at sea, or the thunder that comes from Vesuvius and rolls over doomed Pompeii!

Her waves and tides, brooks and rivers, calms and tempests, budding rose and yellow leaf—all teach a lesson of truth and beauty, strength and purpose.

You cannot substitute for Nature—you can only make progress by working in harmony with her. Ruins in the desert, in the sea-cups, on seven hills, are monuments to her eternity and power.

The soul grows by association with the vastness of her oceans, the majesty and dignity of her mountains, the silent, beautiful, unconquered depths of her deserts; and from her, man learns what to seek after—while from too many of his fellows he learns largely what to avoid.

The Natural Life

LIFE is an investment. You get out of it what you put into it, in an increased measure.

The music is not in the piano—it is in the soul of the player.

The picture is not in the colors of the palette—it is in the artist's mind.

Moreover, you get out of life what you pay for.

The investment does not have to be in dollars. It is made daily in effort, in sacrifice, in love.

It is put in the Bank of Humanity, deposited to the credit of your neighbor—for the world begins in yourself, and ends in him.

The thing that pays best in life is to be natural—for thus only can you be yourself. If you are anything else, you have nothing to invest in life, you have no principal—you are speculating on borrowed money.

Be natural.

A Creed

TO overlook unreasonableness, and to reverence fact; to avoid error, and to exalt right-doing; to counsel when asked; to strike—and strike hard—when a wrong is wilful; to see Divinity in Man, and seek God in Nature; to be sincere; to be natural; to be honest, and kind, and courteous; to be dignified, confident, and determined; never to wrong friend or foe—there's enough for a creed—and to keep anyone busy!

Individuality

THERE is a divinity of selfhood.
It is individuality.

Or the supremacy of personal characteristics—the domination of physical and mental attributes over both the exigencies of surroundings and the influences of associates.

It is like a sub-allotment of the supreme God-power—anyone can make it work wonders when he realizes that he has it. And *everybody* has it.

For everybody in some ways is different from everybody else.

Only the Infinite, the Divine, can be multi-different, universally variegated.

One of the main sources of power, of ability, is the fact that we are *ourselves*, and not like anybody we know or have met or can meet, in our personal make-up, our way of thinking, our heritage of knowledge and inclinations, our physical attributes, our very selfhood.

Every man is actually an undiscovered, potential universe.

It is the larger part of wisdom to investigate the power of individuality, to test it, to put it to use.

It is not egotism, nor braggadocio, nor exaggeration of one's capabilities or gifts—for these lead to irreverence for oneself, if indeed they are not already born of it; and they also create contumely, disregard, and contempt on the part of others.

But it is *confidence*—confidence in oneself and one's inalienable right to the manner in which he shall present himself to other folks and demand to be accepted of them.

This is the only divine right there is among men—the divine right to individuality.

This is a real and good philosophy of life. But it requires the maintaining of a just balance. It can only be worked out through much thought and no little experience—and experimenting.

It all reverts back to the individual.

Once the idea is grasped, the fact that there is no exterior force whatever for good or for evil begins to be appreciated. No "force"; there may be insinuations against which one must guard. But they need not be feared.

Everything that is, moreover, is summed up in the individual.

"Everything that is, I am."

"What I am not, is not."

That's the sum total of potentiality.

That's confidence in oneself—the sure yeast of success.

Every individual is a human-dynamo or power

capable of attracting what he needs and desires to himself, as does the electric magnet of science.

Tap the Infinite!

Turn on more power!

If You Want Happiness—Work

THERE'S one sure way of being happy.
It's by working.

For that keeps the mind occupied—which is the appointed state of a mind.

Even in physical labor the mind responds to the stimulus of the job in hand.

Most genuinely busy people have no thought of their troubles.

And a man at work seldom plots crimes and frivolities.

Troubles only become bugbears and bugaboos when the mind has time to visualize them—the thoughts of evil and foolishness sneak into the mind only when its emptiness invites them and no sensible, protecting work-ideas bar the way.

Work may be of two sorts—occupational, or business and professional; and intensive, or analytical and informational.

Occupational work keeps the mind occupied, naturally, but also contented and unconscious of the flight of time; intensive work provides it with its recreation—the sort it really likes—and cheers it by furnishing it with a means of growth.

And that's the business of a mind—growing.

Thus it is apparent that a change of work is

a way of providing oneself with extra contentment, actual joy, even additional money- and peace.

It is well known to all of us that oftentimes we can rest our bodies by changing from one suit of clothes to another, by even putting on a different pair of shoes or switching from a blue necktie to a green one.

So we can provide mental recreation and rest by a change, for a while—an hour or a half-hour during the busy day or two hours in the evening—a change from occupational work to intensive, definite thought-work.

And it *is* work; try it and see!

The main thing to do is to find occupational work that is congenial—in which we can take a constant and lively interest. Any other is liable to stultify us. This is merely a question of the personal equation.

And the selection of intensive work should be made with the idea in mind that it should be as different as possible from the daily task, the bread-producer.

The stern director of a big corporation's intricate business details would find his whole career helped and his mental faculties broadened and developed by, for instance, a study of Astronomy and by working out for himself a theory of the relations of worlds to one another.

The man who works with a pen for a living

would do well to work with his tongue when he gets a chance—learning public speaking and having, incidentally, a deal of fun practicing the orations of famous men. He never can tell when it may draw money to his pocket or prove a factor in his future success by doing this.

For it seems to be a law in the universal scheme of things that *whatever we can do well, we usually get a chance to do.*

Work is the glorious birthright of mankind, and at the same time the means of personal success.

That is why, in the long run as well as in the present moment, it is the one sure way to happiness.

That man is truly great for whom nothing is too small.

Lack of concentration is back of half the failures in life. Back of the other half is lack of faith.

On Stability — and Making Good

MANY of our large manufacturing, industrial and commercial institutions to-day actually assist young men very materially in constructing successful business careers, and in avoiding the shoals of inexperience.

But they cannot perform the task completely. They only *assist*—they provide the field and the facilities. The personal element enters strongly into the proposition. The employee must recognize the fact that he, constituting the personal element, must cultivate the field, and avail himself of the facilities.

Cultivation of anything takes time.

Now a successful business career is only built upon stability, thoroughness, developing experience, and constantly applied energy.

A shiftless policy will not get a man anywhere with any good concern and every evidence of such a policy is a knock at the foundation of one's success.

The Lord hates a quitter. It says in the Bible that "no man having set his hand to the plow and looking backward is fit for the Kingdom of Heaven," and next to the Lord, I think American business firms hate a quitter most.

No man should ever allow himself to manifest any tendencies to be dissatisfied with his work or to put personal convenience above his duties and obligations to the company with which he is connected, and incidentally above his own *fundamentally* best interests.

Every man should understand that in joining a business organization, he serves himself best by seizing the opportunity that has been presented to him; by being deeply grateful for the chance to get busy, make good, and start in building a business reputation; by putting all previous youthful ideas of shifting about out of his system; and by substituting in himself the iron of stability for the quicksilver of changeability.

There is only one word that can be applied to the person who accepts a position and financial remuneration from a responsible company for a substantial period of time, and then wants to throw up the job or "be transferred to something else" after a short time —and that word is "quitter."

It is the ugly word of business.

The man who is in danger of having it applied to him should stand up in front of a mirror and say something like this to himself:

"You are going to make good, and you are going to show everybody that you've got it in you to do just that. You are not going to allow anything to interfere with your success and your

obligations to the company—not climate, nor the kind of a town you are in, not your personal feelings nor your associations with anybody, not your likes or dislikes nor your business rebuffs and difficulties. You are going to go right straight ahead and show what you are made of, that there is something of the bulldog breed in you; and you are going to remember that your company has *no place in its ranks for anybody that cannot make good on a job that he is sent out to tackle*. Progress is expected of every member of your organization, and no kicking or back-firing. You will have to fight your fight and win it.”

Personal success results in the end for the man who can properly analyze his own personality and strengthen himself by his own power in his weak spots.

And every man can do it.

Divinity

“**I**N the beginning—God.”

Then—man.

Since—God and man working together in harmony.

It does not matter what or how you think of God—God is. Whether God to you mean Force or Love or Nature or Personality, the fact remains that the reality of the existence of God must be accepted. For there is an influence at work in the world outside of man's that must be taken into consideration. That influence is God—or God's, if you prefer. It is actively at work in the betterment of the world, in the uplifting and inspiration of man.

With this influence for good, man must ally himself if he is to achieve anything worth while. In an entirely reverent but practical sense, man must incorporate God in himself.

The main attribute that man assigns to God is divinity. But divinity is purely man's conception. It is his word for the forethought that seems to have regulated the process of development through the ages. It is his word for the truth in Nature. It is his word for the force that has created or controlled the evolution of the

world out of Chaos. His highest definition of personality and love has been summed up in it.

Put man's mind cannot conceive of anything that is not intrinsic to man. Therefore, divinity is but another word for power—whether in his God or in himself.

Brother, has there been a shattered hope, a ruined ambition in your life? Then out of the Chaos—create, evolve!

To reconstruct success and happiness out of tumbled hopes, to achieve goodness of heart and strength of character, is a work of divinity. Determination and confidence are the means.

Put the divinity in you to work!

It is apparent to all of us that there is a certain divine justice over-ruling the lives and actions of men, controlling and guiding. Why not acknowledge it? It is neither expedient nor wise to deny it. It is neither necessary nor obligatory to understand it.

Buck Up — and Pile In

LIFE is an episode.

Just part of the great business of being. Something we might as well get used to—for we'll have to do a lot of living before we die—and then a lot more afterwards. That's the way it looks as we go to press.

There's nothing to worry about—something to laugh at most of the time.

"Seem to think you're putting one over on me, old world, eh? I'll show you—you're all wrong! What do I care about *you*?

"The thing that matters is *me—the spiritual me*. *Nothing* can harm that. Why, I'm one with the Universal Soul, one with Eternity, one with Absolute Happiness—one with the Glorious Company of Spirits that Understand.

"Why should *one life weigh me down*—much less a few months or moments? Why should the things of this third-rate world attached to a fourth-rate sun affect me—if I don't want them to?

"Bah! Get out of my way—I'm looking at the Scenery of the Universe.

"Don't bother me—I'm listening to the Music of the Spheres."

Hand out something like that to trouble—
watch it singe around the edges, curl up and
blow away!

He that asketh faintly beggeth a denial. He
that asketh a courtesy promiseth a kindness.

We are concrete representations of what we
think.

The sum-total of human thought is colossal.
Its force is illimitable. You are its inheritor.

Imitation Bunk and Flimflam

“**I**MITATION is the sincerest flattery.”
Rot!

You do not flatter Nature by making a papier-maché likeness of an apple.

You do not flatter Emerson by adopting his style of writing and aping his philosophy.

You do not flatter Woman by making cold and pale statues of her.

You do not flatter Mother by having a baker produce a loaf of bread that looks like hers.

Flattery is servile — servile to the baser instincts.

A great man is not flattered by someone's putting a tag on himself with the words “Me too!”

Imitation of another man's success is a poor substitute for one's own potential achievement.

Take the business world, for example. In it, imitation of a manufactured article is born of the desire to trade on the reputation, quality and success of another organization or its goods. It is a low, mean and unholy attempt to coin profit out of someone's else years of endeavor and thousands of dollars spent in the development of a

product and in presenting it to an appreciative public.

Imitation of standard manufactured and marketable goods is an out and out flimflamming and damning process—bunking the public, and bunkering business generally.

There is no flattery in the attempt to imitate another's products—no design to compliment—only a yearning to reap the money-benefit from their widespread favor, a favor determined by inherent and proven qualities of goodness, honesty of manufacture, integrity of materials.

The imitations of other people's goods cry "Me too!" without argument. Notice them.

Substitutes, imitations, work a great deal of harm, a two-fold harm to manufacturers and consumers alike. Only the creator of a thing can make it serve the purpose well for which it was created. Everybody else loses, including the stinger in the end—and the stingees, or stung, without question.

It is not necessary to imitate a product—each man, each company can make his or its own goods best, if they but know it. Just as each man can best be himself, not a reflection of somebody else.

Each man, each company, can himself, itself, limit the old and stake out the new—can boldly and frankly offer themselves as something decidedly better, abler, newer, more efficient than anything or anybody that has gone before—can

create and produce for the good of the world and themselves, and fulfill a decent mission in the world. This is a big contract—a bold one. Getting away with it constitutes *success*.

Lots of people, plenty of firms, are doing it all the time.

Your Needs and Your Wants

EVER analyze them?

Most folks want a lot of things, without thinking whether or not they will really do them any good.

This is a waste of mental energy.

For it takes brain effort to even wish for something. The same energy might better be directed in some worthier channel.

Figuring out, for instance, some definite way of getting what it needed.

For what one needs is vastly more important than what one wants.

Yet the want is always liable to loom up so big before the mind's eye that it eclipses the need.

A want is a bluff.

It doesn't do any good. It is too ethereal—unessential.

And these are days of realities—essentials.

"But," you say, "how about the idea of stimulating success and achievement by having a lot of wants that you try to fulfill, and thus having something to aim at, even if you fall short of getting the full measure of your desire?"

That might seem like a puzzler; but by analyzing it, it goes to pieces.

The trouble is in failing to distinguish between an ambition and a want.

What do you think of the chap whose main desire is to revel in luxury, instead of merely being comfortable; of the man who wants to color a meerschaum or cake a briar instead of having a smoke? The one gets a sore tongue for his trouble, the other gets satisfaction. Or what do you think of the dandy who thinks it necessary to own fifty neckties instead of realizing the importance of keeping his clothing well pressed?

The average man of business cannot tell three minutes after he has looked at him whether another man wore a purple ribbed silk cravat or a knitted green one. The psychology of neckties lies more in the restful effect on ourselves of a change than in the appeal to others.

The need of the present moment is the vital thing--the whole brain energy should be directed toward supplying it.

If all our actual needs are automatically satisfied, we are fairly certain not to be bothered with a lot of disturbing wants.

It really looks as if wants were the illegitimate children of neglected needs.

Such are always a nuisance.

One doesn't know exactly what to do with them.

On Temptations

IS there such a thing as a temptation? Some people think so.

It is rather disastrous to admit the thought.

Considered merely as tests or as auto-suggestions, they are much more easily disregarded or withstood.

For, to begin with, when you admit an evil, as such, you admit a power working against you. And most folks when they think of "temptations" or when they face them, believe them to be from some outside source—look upon them as constituting an unknown power, or as emanating from a demon force bent on their downfall.

An unknown power is always a terror.

This is the stronghold of superstition.

It's far more sensible and practical to consider your own inherent power for good, to realize your own potent ability to direct the affairs of your life to a right and proper end; you are a mental and spiritual corporation: it's your own fault if you don't control yourself as such.

But the more one admits that outside influences have power to lead one astray, the more readily one is laid open to inner suggestions of wrong.

For all that we know we have absorbed from our own experiences, or rearranged in our minds from observing other people, or reasoned out either consciously or unconsciously from thought-data given by inheritance or gathered from our own previous trends of thinking in moments past.

The way we are going to think to-morrow depends largely on what we are thinking to-day.

The proposition then is simply to fortify ourselves against evil thoughts by regulating our minds constantly.

That is to say: *Think Good.*

Then you'll get into the habit of acting Good.

For thought is the father of action.

Auto-suggestion is very powerful. If you stop to think about it for a moment, you will realize that you cannot act at all without willing to do so—unless you've lost control of your thinking mechanism: which you have not done or you would not be reading this.

Being hypnotized by wrong or by human beings consists in letting yourself be.

Therefore, when you think you are tempted to do something wrong, analyze the impulse. If you find out that the suggestion comes from within you—and you probably will—simply say to yourself: "I am the author—the creator—of this idea; I will not let it see daylight; I will not let any idea of mine be put to action unless it meet with the approval of the sum-total of my

knowledge of right and wrong." You will find, incidentally, that the sum-total is always in favor of absolute right.

The test is in the trying.

Of course, if a man wants to do wrong wilfully to serve some supposed end, he is starting out on a hopeless path. It leads quickly to self-destruction of the Supreme Selfhood.

If in analyzing the "temptation" you find it comes from some outside suggestion from somebody or something else, it would be the better part of wisdom to consider it simply as a test of nerve, of intelligence, of the sense of moral and legal obligations—which by withstanding gives one added strength of will-power.

Every use of will-power gets one better acquainted with the fact that it really exists.

And finally if a man succumb to an impulse or a suggestion to do an absolute wrong, he is not only proving himself a moral or legal criminal, but branding himself as an absolute fool. This does not need to be proved.

A man can act against all reason and every axiom of justice and right any time he wants to—he can act and will against God if he feels so inclined. This is because of the divinity within us all.

But that same God-element can be used to develop both character and personality.

The magnifying lens of your own intelligence will prove to you that it's there!

There are no so-called "temptations" greater than your power of resistance, because they have to be conceived or accepted of your own mind first; and what you can perceive or realize, you are already forewarned against.

Moreover, being forewarned, you are prepared to protect yourself.

And your integrity of selfhood is your chief asset. *It is worth protecting!*

Mind is the regulator of being.

There's a big difference between confidence and conceit.

Cultivate your individuality, study human nature, fall in love with your work, and take as much joy in your business as a god in the creation of a world.

Have a great faith that when you do your best, *results are sure to follow*. There is no such thing as waste energy. How could there be?

The Transportation of Thought

“**WORDS**,” so we have been told, “are the vehicles of thought.”

A very clear and understandable definition. Let us consider the proposition and see what there is in it.

What is the purpose of a vehicle?

To *transport* something somewhere, in the net.

But *more* than that, in reality.

Vehicles are designed to get a load—human or freight—from one place to another, with as little waste or spoilage as possible, in as quick a way as possible or practical, and above all, with certainty.

Whatever a vehicle is supposed to do for its human or freight cargo, a *word* as the *vehicle of thought* ought to do.

A word is designed for just one purpose. To convey a message—a cargo of thought.

If we want to get a message—a load of thoughts—from ourselves to somebody else, we use words. Maybe, occasionally, one word well chosen, will answer.

But most of the time we find that we require the services of a number of words. This is what language is—a caravan or a fleet or a train of words, conveying a load of thoughts.

The job of the actual vehicle is, first, to go from one place to another with its cargo. That means it must be *fit* to do that job. It must be in shape. It must be selected with care from among other types of vehicles, so that there is assurance of its ability to arrive at the place it is expected to reach.

A baby-carriage isn't the thing to select for a trip across the desert, carrying rugs. It hasn't the capacity and its wheels are too narrow, sinking easily into the sand. An eight-cylinder limousine is hardly adapted to climbing the mountain passes of Sumatra, with a ton of coal, and one would certainly not pick a solid-tired truck in which to ship a sick old lady from Buffalo to California within five days.

The job of the written or spoken word is to "get its message across," or over to the other person, primarily. In that sense, it probably *earned* its designation as a *vehicle*. The matter of *selection* is just as important here as in the case of the actual transport of trade. A word must be *fit* for its task—must be selected because of its real ability to do the thing expected of it. And individual words are, most of them, able to carry just one idea at a time. If we ask too much of them, they break down *en route*. If we load them up too heavily, or if we don't choose them for the right job, they fail to *deliver* for us. The first thing to do, then, in

either writing or speaking, if we want to "get anywhere" with our ideas, is to pick out words that we *know* we can rely on to do the work properly. We have to consider, not only the character of our thought-cargo, but the *road of communication* it has to travel—in other words, the kind of intelligence radiating from the other person, to whom the message is conveyed; for words travel along the Highway of Understanding.

Next, it is hoped that the vehicle will transport its freight, or people, without damage—or with as little as possible.

Damage means loss, waste.

Words should perform their particular jobs in the same manner.

Material or financial losses can be replaced. The damages caused through the ill-chosen or poorly adapted spoken or written word, are often irreparable. Great waste of time is frequently occasioned by the use of wrong words, or even by the inapt using of seemingly good words.

Business wrecks, ruined lives and hopeless failures line the highways of thought-transmission—dismal testimonials to the power of the improper choice or usage of words, and of the lack of appreciation of *good* language.

Man has devoted a good deal of time and attention toward perfecting transportation to the

point where various sorts of vehicles can perform their tasks with *speed*—safety and the certainty of “getting there” without a breakdown being essential, of course.

The age we live in particularly requires a definite amount of *action*, of *alacrity*, of *rapidity*. Whether that is good or bad, and the *why* of it, are other questions. The fact remains. The very *speed* of our transporting media is in part responsible for our wider radius of living, our quickened appreciations of the things that enter into the composite whole of our lives, and even for our changing relations to our neighbors.

Words, the *most essential elements of our intercourse*, should in turn convey their messages in the quickest way possible.

What is the quickest way possible to a vehicle?

A straightaway—the shortest distance between two points being the straight line.

The shortest road to complete understanding, the quickest way to reach the intelligence of one's fellow beings, is *via* direct, simple, straightforward language.

The less cumbersome the craft, the quicker the flight. The less involved the meaning, the quicker the reception of an idea.

Incidentally, the smoother the road, the better for the truck and the load.

The less bumps on the Highway of Understanding, the better for all of us.

What makes bumps on a road?

Oftentimes, nowadays, the passing of bulky, heavy vehicles, improperly tired, or improperly routed.

If all of us would use the English language more carefully, not only would we further our own ends vastly better, but we would help each other by keeping the Highway of Understanding in an improved, efficient and practical state.

Thinking

THINKING is an odd process.

It condenses, crystallizes—creates.

It sums up the things of yesteryear. It recalls the experiences that at the same time in the same manner it can put away “for better or for worse.”

It revisionizes the old scenes and times. It summons all the future to the doorway of the present—and that’s for hope.

It insinuates the *now*—and that’s for the doing.

It clarifies.

It rearranges.

It glorifies.

It exalts.

It makes real an experience.

Allowed to go on in its natural channel of operation, it beautifies everything in response to the impulses of the God-nature—which are all for higher growth and forward development.

Thinking reveals the divinity of the commonplace.

It sketches the meaning of personality.

In bold lines it suddenly portrays the inner truth of things, and makes clear the motives of human actions.

It is a wonderful process.

For finally what one thinks, one becomes.

Talking

CONVERSATION ought to be a sort of intellectual worship.

The room wherein men talk becomes for a while a temple—whose sole music is the sound of the human voice, whose present spirit is the human mind.

The elaboration of an idea, or the imparting of a thought to another kindred being is as much a work of divinity: a miracle, if you will—as the creation of a world of sense or a starry path to eternity.

The doors of brotherhood and the gates of knowledge alike—the two things that help make life a joy—are opened by spoken words as with mystic keys.

The possession of a truth in the human soul enforces the need of its expression. More valuable than much gold or silver is the ability then to express that thought with ease, force, and exactness.

All men have the ability to speak; but to speak eloquently is not over common. The mere exposition of facts is not eloquence. Fluency of speech is not eloquence—the fool uses many

words and says little. Oratory, as appealing solely to the emotions, is not eloquence. Logic, music, personality, human understanding, sequence, wit, power—all these enter into the crucible of eloquence, whose talismanic might is unlimited.

For it brings into play the power of the mind and the influence of the soul. It is of a strangely sympathetic nature: convincing the stubborn, subduing the furious, melting the hardened, winning the envious; yet at the same time strengthening the strong, enlightening the seeker, firing the enthusiast. What grander faculty can a man possess than the power to picture in words the thoughts that crowd his brain, that thousands may understand them? To stand before one's fellows and cause their faces to radiate understanding and intelligence as one speaks to them; to mould the opinions of a thinking people; to sway the feelings of a mob; to paint laughter on the face and to bring tears of relief to the eyes; to cause the heart to beat faster with hope and the chills to creep up the spine and tingle at the roots of the hair as the emotion of patriotism is called into life by a spoken word or two—this is the meaning of eloquent speech; and it is within the reach of all of us. A little understanding of these things, a little will, a measure of confidence, some practice—and there you have it!

The voice has indeed a high mission—it is the servant of the soul, the revealer of self.

Some of us may have reason to be ashamed of ourselves for the things we allow our tongues to tell about us!

Have you ever noticed how surely, at some time or other, you give expression to the things you think?

Be careful!

Figure Ahead!

TO achieve success you have always been told you must have a mark—a definite goal in sight.

That's good stuff. But it's like a lot of other luke-warm maxims and proverbs.

It doesn't say enough.

For the measure of a man's success is his ability to reach and *pass* his goal—to do more than is expected of him—to achieve more than other folks consider "possible"—to outdo probability and put the kibosh on estimates.

And the measure of the success of a company is the collective power to do those things possessed by the men who compose the organization.

If an athlete sets out to make a new record for the broad jump, he doesn't figure on just getting an inch or two over the previous record.

He tries to get a foot over it. *and get over*
—that's the point.

If another wants to break the previous record, he doesn't try to get a foot over it. You *can't*
doesn't.

He tries to get two feet over it!

When you run to catch a moving train or car, you don't aim to grasp the brass handle or bar to haul yourself onto the platform.

Not if you're wise.

You grab the open space about six or ten inches ahead of the handle—and it falls into your hand. Then you're safe.

When a gunner shoots at a mark a long ways off, he doesn't aim straight at it.

No.

He aims *over* it—calculates a parabolic curve—and aims his mark, maybe twenty miles away, because he knows that if he shoots directly at it he wastes a lot of energy and an expensive shell at the unimportant middle distance.

Whatever you are doing now, whatever your salary or income, or whatever the record of your achievement, that constitutes only the *exponent* of your power. And who really knows what that power really is? Nobody so far has been able to determine the possibilities of human endeavor.

Aim to do more.

Say to yourself: "I've got this thing—this job—mastered, systematized, running smoothly. Now I want a bigger job, more responsibility." But don't lie about it—not even to yourself.

When you can say it truthfully, go out and tackle the right man and let him know the good news.

You'll get what you want.

Keep your ambitions ahead of you—it's a sorry man who catches up with them!

Brotherhood

BROTHERHOOD? Just what does it mean? Just this: aiding the man or woman who needs encouragement or assistance, by material gifts, if we can—but more especially by a radiation of sympathetic feeling. Suppose we analyze that. The easiest thing in the world to do is to give money or temporary aid to some person in need who happens to ask us for it. That sort of help is an excuse to shift responsibility, to dodge a dictate of our conscience, or to pat our own backs for being magnanimous.

But to take an interest in the person who is in need or distress; to consider it as a privilege to have a part in the rebuilding of a shattered life; to infuse new hope and real cheer into some tired heart or dejected soul; to assist someone to attain a worthy purpose when he cannot see his way clearly alone; to point out to somebody the way in which he can “find himself,” when lost in the mire of discouragement or the bog of hopelessness—that’s helping one another—that’s brotherhood.

Let no one claim the sacred title of brother, either in some organization or in the world outside of organizations, unless he be prepared and

anxious to fulfill these obligations. There is no real help without the backing of a sympathetic realization of human needs; there can be none without the practice of sacrifice. This is the fundamental bed-rock principle of brotherhood. It is great in its possibilities; not difficult in its treatment, for it only requires thoughtfulness, a little time, a reasonable measure of kindness, and not so much of self-denial as at first seems implied; for it is a law of Nature that what force is expended must re-create itself; and by a law of Human Nature what good is done must react to the benefit also of the doer.

To bring a smile to a neighbor's face—to warm a heart in a neighbor's breast—is more worthy than to achieve what the world ordinarily calls success.

Brotherhood isn't a matter of theories—it is a matter of practice; it is concerned most vitally with the practical and ready extension of the hand and purse and helpful word to the person next to you—*and there is somebody next to you nearly every moment of the day.*

To merely sing of “glad tidings” of good things past or yet to come, or to carol of “good will” and “peace on earth” doesn't really accomplish much. Besides, all that was done for us by the “angels” long ago—and much better probably than we can do it.

How many folks are doing something for somebody else instead of only meaning to do it?

It's by bringing joy and cheer to some lonely or forsaken soul, some person to whom we owe no debt of heart or purse, that we earn our right to be crowned with the holly wreath of happiness.

Honesty

HONESTY is an *interior* quality—of either men or corporations.

That is to say, it is something which is not necessarily discernible to the public—something which is not on parade.

It is, in fact, so personal a trait that it is veiled in privacy and modesty by those actually possessing it.

Men who prate loudest of honesty most often are devoid of even a speaking acquaintance with it.

What is true of individuals is true also of companies made up of men with the same ideals and purposes.

The word "honesty" itself is much abused. Some people confound it with mere transient truthfulness.

But honesty is a habit.

It is the underlying principle of steadfastness and squareness. It has more depth of purpose than truthfulness.

The business man has a deal of responsibility to the public.

He caters to its wants and needs, and in every sense of the word is a public benefactor. He can raise and lower the art-standard and ideas of vast numbers of people almost at will.

Be it said to his everlasting credit that he has immeasurably raised the *standard of living* in the last score of years.

Dealing thus so directly with the public, the merchant, the manufacturer, or the man in any business of a general character who is dishonest is if anything on a lower basis than the cheat at cards or the buncoman on the streets—for he deals with hundreds and thousands where the latter deal with one or two people.

Business men have been the schoolmasters of the world in recent years.

They have taught the public to know good goods, real values. They have educated it to expect fair treatment and honest dealing. This is right and as it should be.

It is the only sensible way to do business; no other way pays. And one of these days no other way will be possible.

Incidentally, the business man of to-day has discovered that a knowing public can be sold more goods than an ignorant one. This is one of the fruits of right intentions.

There once was an idea that the purchaser had to beware of the seller, but nowadays the interests of the seller and purchaser are one.

The world has made great strides in all moral ways, but in business affairs the progress has been most noticeable.

The new era of business ethics demands that dishonesty, falsifying, and misrepresentation be consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. This is an age of thought, and the public must be dealt with as an investigating one.

Every statement and act of the business man must radiate the purpose to treat the public right. This is not only a moral principle but the yeast of success.

There are outward and visible signs, however, of the interior quality of honesty.

These are the manifestations of business honor—the “square deal” and the fair treatment of customers. Important organizations established for the benefit and service of the public as well as their own profit, do not follow the rule of honesty because it is the best *policy*—that is one of the most vicious of proverbs.

They are committed to honesty in dealing with the public because it is as much a part of their organization's purpose as their pride of building, their hope of success, their faith in mutual co-operation. It is the unwritten by-law of business.

Big firms are honest because that is the honorable thing to be.

Among the manifestations of modern business

honesty is the guarantee of quality and workmanship.

This is of comparatively recent adoption in a general sense.

"If you don't like it, if it is not as represented, bring it back"—that idea is only about fifteen years old. It developed as a closer understanding between buyer and seller and has become firmly established as the token of good intentions. It is not so much a protection to the buyer as a plea for confidence.

The honest merchant nowadays tells the public "You take the goods—we take the chances." This is not as it used to be, when the merchant's attitude towards the customer was "You take the goods *and* the chances"—chances of inferior quality, of poor workmanship, of careless manufacture: dissatisfaction.

The guarantee is *honesty* backed by courage and the Golden Rule.

George Washington's policy was that of honesty—absolute and fearless honesty. He built a nation. You are building a business—or helping build one. Remember that back of enduring nations and businesses is the principle of truth.

INDEPENDENCE—a great word; the stamina of this great country—a world of mean-

ing born of defiant struggle for a principle, amid the battle-smoke.

Principle back of the whole business! And there should be one back of your business: Independence—from the domination of money-success when at the cost of quality and integrity.

It's worth struggling for!

Money and Happiness

THE concept that money can buy happiness is as old as the desire in man for peace of mind, comfort, contentment.

No amount of bitter experiences recorded by wealthy men seems to influence the prevailing opinion—the idea is a persistent delusion, born of desire, not reared on facts.

Money does play a tremendously big part in the relationship between the things we would like to do and those we are able to do; between the kinds of food we fancy and the ones we actually obtain; between the material comforts we visualize or see advertised, and the makeshifts with which we are often obliged to put up.

We all have a mass of little interests, pet pleasures and hobbies that seem dependent on dollars.

But life is more than mere living, and money is only a means to an uncertain and often entirely selfish end—not a vital power for happiness.

A material thing cannot produce a spiritual effect or state of being. It can only influence the physical part of a man—not the part of him we are pleased to call the "Soul," which by the

way is the only part capable of experiencing happiness.

Contentment is one desirable condition—happiness is another and greater matter. Contentment may be catered to by the material comforts that money can buy. Happiness is deep-seated, in-rooted in man's inner being, far removed from transitory temporal things.

There are manifest cravings that neither food, nor clothes, nor incidental pleasures can satisfy. The pull of ideals, the lift of inspirations, the refinements of culture, the wonders of friendship, the beauty of faith, hope and love—these are what elevate us far above the commonplace, above the monotonies of everyday existence, above afflictions, above disappointments.

Thoughts have working power. They create forms in actuality—they determine action. They dig channels along which future action will flow.

"What we are to be," wrote Emerson, "we are now becoming." To dig thought-channels toward faith, hope, love, wisdom, kindness, honesty, is the wisest thing to do. Lasting happiness is the port in sight. And no amount of money will dig these channels. The process is an *interior*, not an exterior one.

Consistency

—is a virtue! Its value is cumulative. A well defined policy of consistency in life is always bound to bring results. But consistency is not merely continuation. There are waves on the surface of the ocean that continually beat upon the shore and have their effect. But there are tides in the ocean that are regular, deep, fundamental, and vastly greater forces than the waves themselves. This describes consistency—it is a tidal force, a deep undercurrent in one's purpose. It is the binding, controlling regulation of affairs—an absolute necessity in the life of the business man.

Persistency is the manifestation of consistency. Nearly everything gives way to it.

In driving a nail into a hard piece of wood, if you strike it sideways once, you bend it. If you miss a stroke now and then, you expend energy uselessly. The principle back of both these examples is true in business. Whoever reads this knows what it means.

All real successes are really simple.

There's a keynote in the song, a keystone in the arch, one equation in the formula, one plan in the campaign, that fundamentally solves the whole proposition.

Simplicity and Common Sense

THERE is a virtue in everything—but a whole army of virtues in simplicity. The fighting forces of simplicity are as effective as they are unostentatious. A regiment is powerful as a unit because it is a collection of individual soldiers controlled in a simple and direct manner. A forest seems like a complex proposition until it is approached and seen to be but a collection of single trees. It is the little units welded together that count in everything—especially in the business world through silent, swift, co-operating work.

Simplicity is the mark of character—great men are noteworthy for it. They understand values, the relations of men in the universal and somewhat enforced brotherhood. Emerson worded it well when he said, "Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great." And J. C. Hare went a step further when he wrote, "The greatest truths are the simplest: and so are the greatest men." Why? Perhaps, mainly, because they understand the worth of concentration, which is the act of doing one thing at a time, *but doing it powerfully well.*

They know the accumulative and disastrous power of waste—waste energy, waste material, waste “help.”

Simplicity is the badge of business success— the more important the firm, the less evidence of fuss and feathers. Great businesses, like great rivers, give no idea of their depth by their surface appearance. They know, too, that simplicity is the essence of specialization. A great system will go to pieces if it is not controlled in a simple way.

Theories are liable to smash; facts are made to smash with.

True greatness is measured by height of purpose, breadth of love, and depth of soul.

Nothing is so mean as to mean nothing.

There are dividends in smiles.

When you throw a pebble into the ocean, you can have no idea of the forces created by the simple act. The ripples out-centering from it become forever part of the great surging power of the waters in motion. When you launch a word, or a thought, you are starting a real force of a far greater and more subtle character. You cannot tell how far the influence will reach, who

may be attuned to it like one radio station is to another. You cannot tell who may intercept it—or how it will grow in power during its release amidst the universal fertility of the natural forces.

Possession does not necessarily mean power. But the exercise of a faculty or a commodity insures it.

Confidence precedes trade. Establish it in the minds of a lot of people at once, and you have the start of a good business. Keep it there and you have a growing business.

Vegetables are produced by gardening. Women are won by wooing. Gold is secured by mining. and you get business by going after it.

Death: Just an Experience

AFTER all, death is only an incident—an experience in the midst of life.

Some of us go through with it before others.

The net result is the same.

We are traveling—traveling all the time; along the Eternal Highway.

It must be a pretty fine country “over yonder”—nobody ever seems anxious to come back here—to stay.

The minds that can conceive of a continuation and development of life beyond the Crossing, certainly are greater than the thought—equal at least to the fact—in tune with the reality of eternity.

We will meet again with those who have gone a-journeying before us—they know some things by now that we cannot know, or that it is best for us not to know—and they will be waiting for us where and when they wish along the starry path to immortality.

The mystic cycle of love and friendship must be completed.

Beauty is expressed in curves.

The worlds themselves are spheres.

The rainbow is an arc.

The circles of our lives intersect. Here—and there.

Everything goes in circles—to the music of God.

“Comfort ye therefore one another”—not in sadness, but with cheer.

A man may dream the experiences of weeks or years in a few fractional seconds. This suggests the secret of eternity.

There are eras that are but as long as a single human life-span.

The Need of To-Day

IT is the concrete that impresses, that impertunates until it influences—in writing as in everything else.

The essay with the clearly defined opinion, the novel with the striking plot, the sermon with the vital message, the advertisement with the crisp statement of facts—these are the things men look for nowadays when they read what others write. The “fine writing” that was once the roundabout way to the heart of a matter is no longer popular.

It isn't that we are becoming less earnest, but more so. Things move swiftly nowadays—history itself is boiling in the pot. And as we quickly round out our individual lives, consciously or unconsciously fitting ourselves into the lives of others and into the purpose of the Nation, we have need of fundamentals—facts—realities.

If a man has no clear conception of the trend of modern movements—politics, religion, science, economics or philosophy—he had better far keep still than blatantly speak or write of them. Too many there are who cry “Let us reform!”—for money. Their reform cry leads to the riot call.

Men who would be builders of our thought

must have a great mission in their souls when they write for us or speak to us. They must have a firm faith in the goodness of humanity. Truth is in too great demand to make anything justifiable short of an honest attempt at a full revelation of the vision caught of her. Real philanthropy demands that the biographer or critic of our national life write not for money or a tawdry fame, but from honest motives to point out an error or correct a fault. Otherwise his name will decorate the flyleaf of a book or two or the cover of a magazine for a while, but it will never be writ on the historic page of the Nation's progress.

Think it over, you who write or speak—and you who read or listen.

The river of progress flows onward, surely, steadily. We cannot get into it without being carried forward by its current.

Nothing in the world is too small for consideration. To create something there is no need for could hardly be credited to the divine sense of equalities in *men*, much less to the Central Source of Wisdom.

Civic righteousness benefits the community in which a man lives; the responsibility of it benefits the man himself.

An Interview with God

I AM sitting in my big arm chair, pulling on my friendly pipe—and thinking, wondering. Thinking and wondering what it's all about, this business of living. Silly occupation, is it? The thinking, I mean? Come now—is it really? Don't you do it sometimes yourself? Doesn't everybody do it—each of us in a different way, of course, but all of us with the same vague wonderment? For it doesn't matter much how strongly we opionate our own reasons for living: in off moments when we're out of the rush of things we can't avoid trying to get an actual and clarifying vision of the *why* of "thou and me" and the *wherefore* of this "being alive." All sorts of philosophies have tried to make both clear to us: and religions have tried to force the truth of things on us. Philosophy and Doctrinal Religion: I for my part thank you both for your well-meant efforts. But if you agreed more among yourselves, I might be inclined to believe you, at least in part, and let it go at that. No doubt I should be saved from much mental exercise. But that very fact might injure my

personality the more. I *must* think—and reason when I can.

Stay! I have it! I will set my Imagination against my Reason. The former shall summon before me the life problems, the life interests; and my Reason shall question them. That part of me which I can't define, but which I know is not imagination nor reason, shall judge the issue. Who or what is first?

RICHES.—“I usually come first—”

MY REASON.—“Not usually, but with the majority, you mean?”

R.—“Either way you choose to put it. Those folks that don't believe I satisfy their reason for living, hanker after me just the same—oh, in a paradoxical sort of way, to be sure! They claim I am the ‘root of all evil,’ but always for somebody else—not for themselves. They think I might help them to good ends, until they possess me; then they forget what they wanted me for. And I just hang around after that.”

M. R.—“You are an incidental to life—not an explanation.”

R.—“I am both. I buy everything. Everything makes up life, you know. I even buy happiness.”

M. R.—“Before you can buy happiness, you must know what it is. What is happiness?”

R.—“Happiness is a widely differing thing—or state—to everyone. I can't explain what it

is; but this I know: I can make it possible for everyone to go after it, if it isn't already at hand."

M. R.—"You talk glibly. But off the point, it seems to me. Can you tell me why I'm here—why I must live?"

R.—"No—I cannot. But I can make it easy for you to acquire the knowledge of the great minds that have thought that all out for you. I can supply you with the books of all ages. I can send you to famed centers of learning. I can—"

M. R.—"What other men think out for me is of little value to me—it stultifies me if I accept it. You have already enabled me to travel, and to study. What have I gained therefrom? Only a stronger desire to unravel the proposition for myself."

R.—"All right then—I'll buy you forgetfulness. I'll set you in the midst of luxury such as you have never dreamed of—I'll surround you with boon companions. I'll give you a palace to live in; every need you have I'll satisfy—"

M. R.—"Stop right there! Can you buy me the greatest of my needs—peace of soul?"

R.—"That's up to you—if you know your need, you can secure it through me."

M. R.—"I don't know what it is—or I wouldn't use that vague term 'peace of soul.' I

want you to tell me what I want, along with why I want it, and why I'm here, anyway, to want it."

R.—"That's beyond me."

AMBITION.—"Perhaps I can enlighten you. The greatest of men have found that I made a very good life companion for them—helped them to find satisfaction."

M. R.—"Just what are you?"

A.—"I am the moving impulse to struggle for success in any great achievement."

M. R.—"Good. But you are merely an impulse, not an explanation. And if I succeed in my undertakings, what then?"

A.—"You have the joy of knowing you achieved, and a certain amount of fame besides."

M. R.—"The joy of achieving will not offset the sense of having to discontinue further effort when my life span is measured; and the fame I must leave behind me."

A.—"It will inspire others."

M. R.—"Ad infinitum, eh? And why should they be inspired, since they too must quit living?"

A.—"I know not."

M. R.—"You can go. You are, moreover, too insincere. You promise great things, while too often the bitter failure is the result. Or the success brings with it the sting of ingratitude, the curse of loneliness, or the full measure of hatred."

Good or evil are all the same to you—the *end* is all you can see. You do not care what the after result is or how the end itself is reached.”

POSITION.—“How about me? I’m pretty well liked.”

M. R.—“And who are you?”

P.—“You ought to recognize me—you’ve seen me enough. I give people standing in their communities. I make life worth living by a veneer of honor, respect; I attract friends and good times to them.”

M. R.—“Now I know you. You are nothing but a veneer yourself. If you happen to wear off, then exeunt also friends, good times, honor, and respect. My friend, you are too transitory—too insignificant.”

P.—“But you must have me.”

M. R.—“In my weaker moments, perhaps. You forget right now I am seeking for fundamentals. You are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. You are the prey of conditions—you are too easily swayed by scandalmongers, enemies, and envious folk. No—to-day you don’t appeal to me.”

BUSINESS.—“How do you do, sir? What can I do for you to-day?”

M. R.—“Hello, old friend! I know you well. You are always brisk and to the point. But, bless my soul, you can have no part in this series of interviews.”

B.—“Why not? Millions of men think I am worth while. I give them plenty to think about—I cater to the manly need. I afford plenty of action, struggle, scheming—and I usually pay well. At least, I am impartial. I pay according to the work done—I have no false standards.”

M. R.—“That’s all very true. I like you. But you are the means to action, not the end. You are a way to livelihood, and even comfort. But you don’t account for my necessity of earning the livelihood.”

B.—“Come now, old fellow. Why bother your head about these strange matters? I’ve heard what’s been going on in here. You won’t get anywhere by trying to solve the riddle of the universe. You know what one of the world’s great philosophers so truly said:

*‘Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.’*

Forget it! Be practical.”

M. R.—“That’s all very fine. I am—half the time. The other half I am confronted with the deeper problems of life, and I feel that I must solve them, to my own satisfaction, at least.”

B.—“I can’t help you in that sort of thing. I

can supply you a purpose—and that purpose, aside from providing for yourself and kindred, also supplies considerable enjoyment.”

M. R.—“You mean well, old friend. I shall continue to cultivate you, and hope you will stick by me. But, as you say, you can’t help me in my great dilemma.”

SCIENCE.—“My business is solving problems. I am Science.”

M. R.—“So? Can you solve mine?”

S.—“I can solve anything, if it have a natural source.”

M. R.—“Precisely—if it have a natural source. I don’t know whether mine has or not; that’s one of the things that’s worrying me. I have an idea that my problem emanates from the soul.”

S.—“The soul? There isn’t any such thing.”

M. R.—“That’s what you say. How do you know?”

S.—“Because if there were it could be registered, weighed, recorded, analyzed, divided into its component parts.”

M. R.—“All very well for you to say. But supposing the soul is a force?”

S.—“There can’t be a force without a cause—a definite traceable origin.”

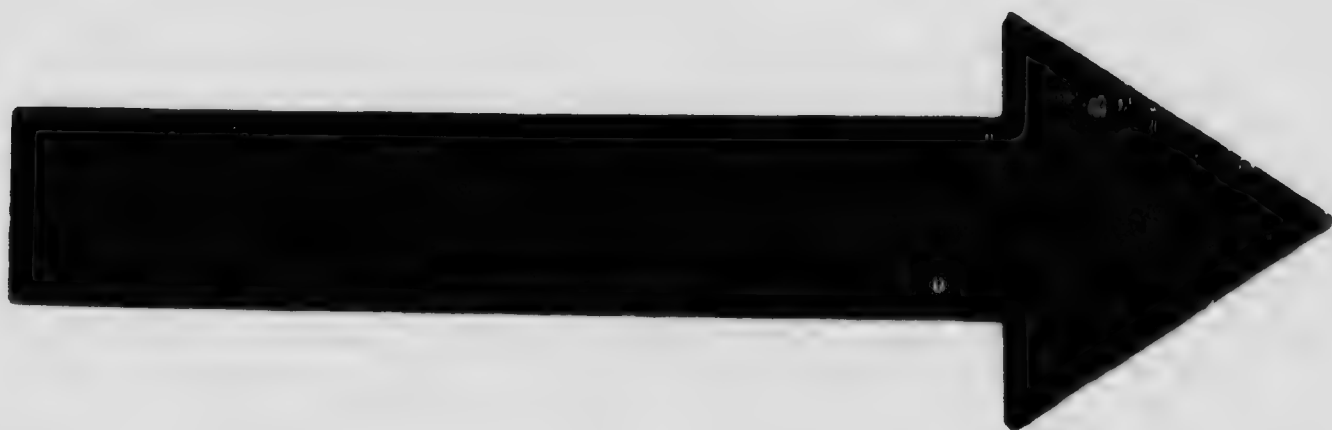
M. R.—“But I recognize the force—feel the driving power of my soul.”

S.—“Illusion. All the effect of compiled thought—the result of physical influence—heredity, if you wish—”

M. R.—“Who started the physical influence—where did the first man get his heredity?”

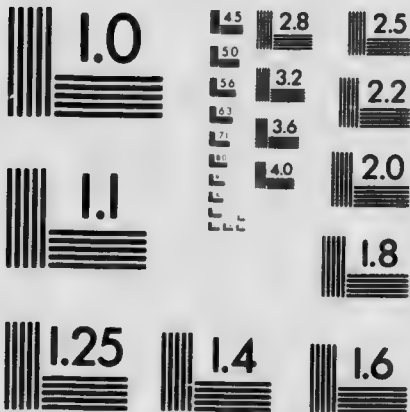
S.—“Those are the usual questions of the man who does not reason scientifically. Science is supreme. It answers everything logically. But it cannot deal with what is known as the abstract, for it does not recognize such as existing. Only what you can see, touch, feel, smell or hear makes up the universe. You can feel a force, in a way of course, but if you follow the trail long enough, you will find every force emanates from a material cause. Heat you can feel; it comes from fire, which you can see; fire from burning wood, which you can touch; its evidence is also smoke, which you can smell. Can you touch the thing you are pleased to call your soul?”

M. R.—“No. But I can be just as positive myself as you are. I know I've got a soul, for I recognize its power within me. Something tells me I'm right. You trace everything to a cause. Why should not the reverse order be true—all cause the result of effect—the effect of God, or Universal Soul, or Supreme Power? How do you know? Who started the right order? You yourself have only been really accredited, accepted, in the past few years. Before a hun-



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dred years ago you weren't in good standing even—and a few thousand years ago you weren't in existence. In your place was conjecture—guessing and supposition. You weren't in at the birth of either cause or first effect! Good day."

CAP AND BELLS.—"High - diddle - diddle! Heigh-ho! What ho!"

M. R.—"What's all this rumpus?"

C. AND B.—"Don't stop me—I'm having a good time! I'm the real quintessence of the joy of living. Say, I heard a good one last night. Two Irishmen went to a picnic where they had a dance. Along about an hour after the fun started one of them said to the other: 'Tim, how do you like these newfangled dances?' 'Begorra,' says Tim, 'I've—'—"

M. R.—"Here, here! I don't want to hear stories. What I want—"

C. AND B.—"Aw, cheer up, Long Face! Get some fun out of life. That's about all you can get out of it, anyway. Be joyful! Laugh, and you'll have company; laugh, and your troubles'll vanish. Have fun—you'll be dead soon."

M. R.—"Too true. But the contemplation of that fact curtails my joy."

C. AND B.—"Don't contemplate it then. Life is a joke—laugh at it. The joke's on you too. All the funnier—ha! ha!"

M. R.—"You get on my nerves. I don't feel like laughing all the time."

C. AND B.—“I haven’t seen you laugh for three minutes. Don’t you ever do it?”

M. R.—“Of course I do. But laughter isn’t all of life. I’m trying to find out what the rest of it is—the most of it.”

C. AND B.—“Don’t ask me. I’m not interested. I’m Fun. I make life interesting—worth while—”

M. R.—“Yes—you do help. But you just make life interesting. Just as you say; only you can’t explain life. Stop your dancing—I’m not in the mood for it right now. Why—what’s the matter? Why are you going away in tears?”

C. AND B.—“Ouch! Oh—oh! My foot! What a pain! I’ve sprained my ankle—damn these new dance twists!”

ART.—“I’ve heard you were seeking a purpose of life, sir? I’m one.”

M. R.—“Just so. A purpose. Not the purpose.”

A.—“I don’t know what you mean. I make life enjoyable, attractive. I satisfy the craving for the Ideal.”

M. R.—“No, you don’t—not quite. You appeal to it. You are a reproduction of the real.”

A.—“I am much sought after; my price is high. Everybody professes to know me. I must be beautiful.”

M. R.—“You are sought after mostly by people who do not know where to find you; there is

a price on you, but there should be none. You are beautiful, yes; but not Beauty itself. You are a portrayal—a make-believe.”

A.—“Pshaw! You are not artistic—how can you be an Idealist?”

M. R.—“I am both, otherwise I would not have admitted that you are beautiful. But I am looking beyond the semblance of things. I am trying to find out, among other things, why you are necessary to life, and just what you portray. You are merely an expression—of something. I think of Nature—”

NATURE.—“You called me?”

M. R.—“No—I was merely talking of you, to Art.”

N.—“Art is my daughter. But she’s a perverse child.”

M. R.—“She looks a good deal like you. But tell me, how did you happen here?”

N.—“I was looking for Art. I see she has run away again. She seems to be ashamed of herself a great deal lately.”

M. R.—“I am glad you came anyway. Tell me, and be candid, are you responsible for all of life? They call you Mother.”

N.—“More and more men are beginning to think so. I wish they wouldn’t. I once thought, long ago, that they had gotten away from the idea. I am mother to the physical universe—and all things in it. But there is a

spiritual life, a soul manifestation that I have nothing to do with. I feel it throbbing through my own being. I try to teach the majesty of its actuality with new forces every once in a while, but men find out somehow or other that these come from me. Then I try to portray, exhibit the Supreme Power—poorly, I am afraid—with variegated phenomena. It is not mine—it works through me. I am a medium, just as you are.”

M. R.—“Thank you. You are very clear. I am trying to solve the riddle as to why I am here, and what I must do to gain satisfaction in living.”

N.—“Don’t blame your existence on me! I support you—made conditions right for you to be here. But this I have done through no desire of my own, specifically. I have been operating under orders.”

M. R.—“Whose orders?”

N.—“Why—I really can’t remember now. I have been doing it so long, I—my memory is hazy. Millions and millions of years have I been at work, fixing up worlds so that men could live on them comfortably; and I have been kind to them. I have supplied them with food, and heat, and revealed from time to time some of my own secret powers that they might use them for their own comfort. But so far back—so far back that I can’t remember it, the Universal Power—I

don't know what I am saying—and if I should keep on my thoughts would form words that would shrivel you up; for your own sake I will leave you. Come out and see me often, and you will perhaps get the truth you seek, gradually. Little by little I manifest what I cannot—remember!"

M. R.—"She is gone! I have half a mind to follow her now, out of this stuffy room, out into great open spaces, out under the clear skies. How near I came to prying loose the great secret! I believe Nature knows! . . . What's that noise?"

PHILOSOPHY AND DOCTRINAL RELIGION 'TOGETHER.—"I say I will be first!"

PHILOSOPHY.—"Stand back! He doesn't want you!"

D. RELIGION.—"Reprobate! Let me alone! He wants Truth, not argument. Hands off!"

(PHILOSOPHY AND DOCTRINAL RELIGION tumble in together.)

M. R.—"For shame! Such dignity a'floor!"

D. R.—"I was first. He pushed me aside."

P.—"I came in answer to the call. I found Religion here, blocking my way."

D. R.—"I have the answer—why should you intrude?"

P.—"Your answer is too iron-clad, dogmatic; and withal too varying. Who can understand such a mess?"

D. R.—“And your presentation is too irregular, evasive, vague. You—”

M. R.—“Peace! Peace! Can you two not agree to let one speak to me at a single time?”

D. R.—“I am for Peace.”

P.—“And I for Peace with Reason.”

D. R.—“That’s false. You are the disturber of both.”

M. R.—“At it again? Will you be ever fighting? Religion, you are at odds with your own propaganda. You are ever ready with your fist to back up your dictums. You have caused more bloodshed than any other one thing in the history of the world.”

D. R.—“Truth must be supported at any cost.”

P.—“The quiet contemplation of it, with the reasonable presentation, is more advisable. For such am I.”

D. R.—“You are Error. I have the true revelation.”

M. R.—“Peace! Religion, you are too many-sided. Philosophy, you lead in devious paths. Now if you two could agree, and together tell me—”

D. R.—“I will not agree with Philosophy. I will not agree with anybody but myself. I am Revelation—believe me in everything, or not at all—and be damned.”

M. R.—“You can go—both of you. I see I

can get nowhere through listening to you. Ah me! I am sore perplexed."

LOVE.—"I have been here, waiting. I thought I would speak to you after all these others have gone. I can harmonize all—if I am given the chance."

M. R.—"I know you, Sweet Love. You are welcome. Yes—and I favor you. But you inspire discord as well as harmony."

L.—"Nay—the harmony is mine. The discord grows out of jealousy—it is man-made. I am divine. I make possible all things good. I explain everything. I stimulate all effort—I am the reward of all struggle."

M. R.—"I believe you—in part. Broadly speaking, you are the salt—or the sugar—of the world. In a general sense, you are delightful, and satisfying. But the trouble with you is that you become too personal at times. You then become tyrannical."

L.—"Just what do you mean by that?"

M. R.—"I mean that in the specific case you lead to marriage."

L.—"And what have you against it?"

M. R.—"Well, you see, I am somewhat of a cynic. I like you for yourself, but as for marriage—it is incontestably an uncertain lottery. I hold it to be neither expedient, necessary nor practical. Remember, I am Reason talking."

L.—“Reason should be subordinate to Me. I am The Reason.”

M. R.—“You are not The Reason except to your own consideration. You are more of a moving impulse, an urge. Your end—Marriage—is merely a human habit, universal, it is true, and of long standing. From the standpoint of expense, it is scarcely feasible, and at best an expensive luxury. It might prove a benefit or a blessing were the possibilities of disturbance and interference eliminated. And it might prove much more certain in its results were it possible to figure beforehand on the changes in men’s and women’s temperaments, or adaptations to conditions. Differences in the contracting parties—differences of opinion—are extremely liable to lead to disaffection. For human nature is never as strong as the ideal of an Ideal Love. You, moreover, as shown by experience, are largely a matter of association, and subject to disillusionment, renewal, and redistribution. Therefore, I claim that discretion is by far rather to be followed than impulse; and Reason is a splendid side-stepper with Desire.”

L.—“You mislead yourself. Follow me, and you will be happy. Millions of men and women have found this to be true. I am the great softener of life—the perfume of existence—many say I am the explanation of both. I give

contentment, joy, peace, deep satisfaction—when I am rightly understood and accepted.”

M. R.—“I like to have you around—some of the time. You stimulate me. But you are not permanent enough. You are apt to leave unexpectedly—come, acknowledge it: aren’t you just a bit fickle?”

L.—“No—but human nature is. There’s the trouble.”

M. R.—“Yes—and I am full of human nature. I must have something to control and satisfy *that*.”

A VOICE.—“Cease your quibbling and vain talking, O Man!”

M. R.—“I hear you, but do not see you. Who or what are you?”

A VOICE.—“I am not to be seen. It is enough for you to know that I AM. You shall be eternally seeking me—and yet never finding me. I am the Spirit of Supreme Knowledge. I am Eternal, Infinite, All-Comprehensive. All things radiate me. You want me—in entirety. You shall always want me. But I am Universal. I cannot belong to this or that place, to this or that time, or to this or that person. Two great facts confront and surround you: Eternity and Infinitude. Be not in a hurry. It is useless. You will have the time and the opportunity to continue your search. Disregard nothing on your way—all is important. Gain information

from this or that source—I am in a way back of everything. Your joy is in the search. You are a part of the Universe—small wonder you are dissatisfied here! Adapt yourself to the facts—you will then find a measure of Peace. Riches, Ambition, Position, Business, Science, Fun, Art, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Love—these may not indeed satisfy you, alone and individually. But they are all your good friends, your willing helpers. Neglect them not. Cultivate them. They are doing my work for me. And *continue your search*—do not be disappointed if you cannot solve your problems in an instant or a lifetime. You are Eternal.”

M. R.—“I am satisfied.”

THE END.